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THE
Tunbridge-Miscellany :

Consisting of

POEMS, &c.

Written at *Tunbridge-Wells* this Summer.

By Several Hands.

*Carminibus meritas celebrare Puellas
Dos mea. Ovid.*



LONDON,

Printed for E. CURLL at the Dial and Bible, against
St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet. MDCCXII.

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THE
Cambridge Miscellany



Wm. A. ...

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LONDON:
Printed for E. Currier at the Bible and Bible Store,
St. Dunstons Church in the Strand, MDCCLXII.

Monday a very extraordinary Hearing came on before the Lord Mayor. An elderly Woman, who lived in George-yard, was brought before his Lordship, for holding a Girl only 12 Years of Age, upon a Bed in her own House, whilst a Man committed a Rape upon the Child's Body. The Prisoner had taken in the Girl under a Pretence of Friendship; and the poor Creature was so much injured, that she was obliged to be sent to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Another Complaint was also laid by the Parents of another Girl but 11 Years of Age, that the Prisoner had decoyed her away from them, and introduced Men to her; that having a fine Set of Teeth, two of them were drawn out, and sold for two Guineas, which the Prisoner told her should buy her fine Cloaths, that she might make a genteel Appearance when any Gentleman came to her. The old Woman was committed to Wood-street Compter to take her Trial for the Facts; and his Lordship recommended the Girl to the Magdalen Hospital.

TOMATOES The Managers of the Pantheon are preparing for the Masquerade that is to be there on Monday the 6th of May, which they intended having on Monday next, but by particular Desire have postponed it for one Week; the Obelisk that is to be erected in the Middle of the Great Room, will be such as his Committee never beheld; it is to be upwards of 60 Feet high, decorated with transparent Paints, &c. &c.

Drury-Lane Theatre.

Mr. Parson's being much indisposed, the new Comedy of *The Kentway* and *The Spleen*, which were to have been acted To-morrow, are changed for *Every Man in His Humour* and *The Waterman*. The Doors of this Theatre will be opened To-morrow, and for the Remainder of the Season, at Half an Hour after Five, and the Performance to begin at Half an Hour after Six.

Covent Garden Theatre.

The Tragedy of the *Poor Penitent*, which was intended for this Evening, is obliged to be deferred on account of Mrs. Barry's sudden indisposition. The *Duenna* will be performed (for the 68th Time) To-morrow, with *Three Weeks after Marriage*; and Ladies and Gentlemen, who have secured Places, will please to observe, the 69th Night of that Opera cannot be till Thursday, May the 3d. To-morrow the Doors will be opened at Half after Five, and the Performances begin at Half an Hour after Six o'Clock, and so continue during the Remainder of the Season.

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T H E
Tunbridge-Miscellany,
For the Year 1712:

The Shining Sisters *.

OW, Happy Spring, retrieve thy
finking Name,
And more than vye with † BLADUD's
Rival Stream;
Now dare thy Self above CASTALIA raise,
CASTALIA, so renown'd in Deathless Lays;
Weak in Defence the Tuneful *Sisters* prove,
It yields, tho' guarded by the Race of JOVE.

Lady Sunderland, Lady Ryalton, Lady Bridgwater, † The Bath.

4 *The Tunbridge Miscellany.*

See! See the Conqu'ror MARLBOROUGH'S Conqu'ring
(Line)
How Gloriously these Suns of Beauty shine!
How they surprize the Sight, and strike the Heart!
Each Air's a Wonder, and each Look a Dart.
What Virtue, *Tunbridge*, will in Thee be found,
If all thy Waters can assuage the Wound!

O the transcendent Charms! 'Tis Heav'n to gaze,
O the surpassing Themes! what Tongue can praise?
The Bard had these Consummate Nymphs in view,
(At least, ye Fair, 'tis best apply'd to you)
When in prophetic Verse that Truth he taught,
The Hero's Race excels the Poet's Thought.

Hail more than Mortal Sire! Thou Great in Wars!
Forbear to charge Injustice on thy Stars;
Tho' Envy dares her present Censure cast,
Yet Envy's self shall pay Respect at last,
And all the World must still consent to prize
The Father's potent Arms, the Daughters Radiant
(Eyes)

To

An Enquiry after the Seat of Beauty, occasion'd by a Gentleman's saying, that Venus had not taken up her abode in Tunbridge Wells.

BEAUTY, thou source of human joy,
Thou living fountain of delight,
Who dost alternately employ
My thoughts by day, my dreams by night.

Thou envy'st, boastest, scorn'st, and dost
What form to thee shall ever be;
Where sit thy court, or how display
Thy fluttering train, inconstant grave?

Will Gail thy pow'r in charms express?
Or the rich brilliant sparkling bright;
Or rather, dost thou choose to dress
Thyself in PHOEBUS' radiant light?
Dwell'st thou in court, or dost thou place
Thy seat amidst the flow'ry grove?
Or rather art thou fond to grace
The sex whom nature form'd for Love?

'Tis those! 'tis those! thou design'st to bless,
Beauty's inherent in the Fair,
Tunbridge thy walls the truth confess,
And every Ball proclaims it there.

Where do! contending Beauties rise,
And each her blooming charms display;
Each sits to gain the prize for prize,
And each allures in different ways.

Fair CLOE on her eyes depends,
CORINNA on her shape and air,
LYDIA her snowy arm extends,
And PHILLIS shows her bosom bare.

But neither eyes, nor shape, nor grace, nor
Nor snowy arms, are really charming;
Join'd with the features of the face, and
So soft so sweet! so dear a name.

No, for 'tis what surpasses these,
'Tis that which every with employs,
'Tis that which every heart can please,
And that which gives sublimest joys.

'Tis that which brought the Saviour to light,
'Tis that which cures the Lover's spleen,
'Tis that which, if the Poet's right,
Is always better felt than seen.

Tunbridge Verses, 1758.

Dr. King of Oxford, being at *Tunbridge*, wrote a Latin character of the *Chevalier Taylor*; but, though he shewed it publicly, permitted no copy to be taken. It was a banter on *Taylor*, and the conclusion, as near as can be remembered, was as follows:—

In carminibus tuis, docte *Moralle*, præcipue celebrandus.

Si regem nostrum pium, fortemque, faceres bene oculatum, & malos (si qui sint) consiliarios *Tirciæ* cæciores.

Dr. King's character of the *Chevalier Taylor* occasioned the following epigram.

What could provoke Old King to sneer
The much-renown'd eye-mender?
King praises but one *Chevalier*,
And only one *Pretender*.

Dr. King's Answer to the above Epigram.

Contra mea scripta nequit culpæ, opprobria dicat
Pæda mihi *Bavius*; sic tibi *scurra* placet!
At neque vis inerat (tamen hoc epigramma vocabat)

Una nec in misero carmine mica falis.

Qui fuerit novi; novi nil turpius ora,

Et nihil ingenio pinguius esse suo.

Laudavere alii: sed hic compositus iste

Rodere conatur, laus mea summa fuit.





The Female Pyramid.

To my Lady *Sunderland*,

At *Tunbridge-Wells*.

 AIR Nymph, ascend to Beauty's
Throne,

And Rule that radiant World alone;

Let Favourites take thy Lower Sphere,

Not Monarchs are thy Rivals here,

The Court of Beauty built Sublime,

Defies all Pow'rs but Heav'n and Time;

Envy that clouds the Hero's Sky

Aims but in vain her Spite so high,

Not *Bleinheim's* Field, nor *Ister's* Flood,

Nor Standards dy'd in *Gallic* Blood;

Torn

6 *The Tunbridge-Miscellany.*

Torn from the Foe, add nobler Grace
To CHURCHILL's House than SPENCER's Face,

The Warlike Thunder of his Arms
Is less Commanding than Her Charms ;
His Lightning strikes with less Surprize,
Than sudden Glances from Her Eyes.

His Captives feel their Limbs confin'd
In Iron ; She enslaves the Mind ;
We follow with a pleasing Pain,
And Bless the Conqueror and the Chain.

The Muse that dares in Numbers do,
What Paint and Pencils never knew ;
Faints at Her Presence in Despair,
And owns th' Inimitable FAIR.



The
Is ju
Wha
Enc
Hav
And
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And

To the AUTHOR of the
Foregoing P O E M.

 R T thou mad, Poet? What! Extol
the Race
Fal'n from Renown, and sinking in
Disgrace?

The Muse, that writes upon the Rising Side,
Is just Excus'd, and only not Decry'd.

What can'st thou hope from these imprudent Rhimes?

Encomiums are but one Remove from Crimes.

Have not the Senate the Great Sire arraign'd,

And has not Rumour the Fair Daughters stain'd?

Dar'st thou the Torrent of the Times oppose,

And praise in Verse Whom All condemn in Prose?

Suppose

8 *The Tunbridge-Miscellany.*

Suppose thou'rt in the Right! yet, wondrous hard!

Thou get'st at best but Virtue's thin Reward;

Camelion-Fare's too slender to sustain,

Be seasonably Wise, and turn thy Strain.

If Thou must sing, on t'other Party wait,

Well may thy Songs expect a kinder Fate;

Hadst thou these Nymphs in print of Favour shown,

Say where was the Surprise? for Truth gives none.

Fiction adds Life to Poetry, 'tis said,

And Beauties Doubly please, by Fancy made;

Then chuse those Subjects, and thy Name shall rise,

There's Opportunity enough for Lies.



*How
When
Silent*

Empy





St. Robert's Hall, according to the Act of Parliament

Chast Lucretia

Chast Lucretia, when you left me, You of all things dear be-
 left me. Tho' I shen'd no Discontent: Grief is strongest,
 and the longest, When to find a Vent.

How much fiercer is the Anguish,
 When we most in secret languish!
 Silent streams are deepest found;

Noisy grieving,
 Is deceiving;
 Empty Vessels make most sound

Had I words that could reveal it,
 Yet I wisely would conceal it;
 Tho' the Question be but fair:

Grief and Merits,
 Love and Spirits,
 Always lose by taking Air.

Guardian Angels still defend you,
 And surprizing Joys attend you;
 Whilst I'm like the Winter Sun:

Faintly Shining,
 And declining,
 Till thou charming Spring returns.

Flute

Flute



The Lass of Patties Mill.

*The Lass of Patties Mill, Sa bony blith and gay; in spite of an my
still, she stole my heart away When tadding of the hay, bare headed
on the green, love midst her locks did play, and wand'ring in her eyn.*

*Her arms white round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn;
So good it would be youth,
To press them in his hand;
They all my spirits ran,
An' waste of days;
When Ie such sweetness found,
Wrote in a balmy kiss.*

*Without the help of art,
Like flowers that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
When e'er she spoke or smild;
For looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride;
The me to love beguild,
Ie wish't her for my bride*

*Oh! had Ie o'er the wealth,
Hopt on high mountains fill;
Insured long life and health,
And pleasure at my will,
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The Lass of Patties Mill,
Should share the same wi me.*

FLUTE



The Tunbridge-Toasts.

SOON as the Herald of the rising Day
Chants his shrill Notes, and greets
Aurora's Ray,
I catch the Sound, and leave a tirefom Bed,
Flames in my Heart, and Vapours in my Head;
Strait to the celebrated Spring I rove,
That sooths all Pains, but what proceed from Love;
Relief in vain th' enamour'd Captive seeks,
Here the wan Maid retrieves her glowing Cheeks;
Here ailing Priests all Ills, but Dulness, heal,
And barren Wives a fruitful Influence feel;
Fresh Spirits here Degraded Toasts receive,
And Statesmen in Disgrace forget to grieve;

B

Here

10 *The Tunbridge-Miscellany.*

Here artificial Youth old Beaux attain,
And hope to charm the Ladies once again.
Careless I stray, and sauntering Numbers view,
Some fly from Health, and others Health pursue;
Thus void of Thought, unactive Hours I pass,
And with bright Beauty warm the chilling Glass
Promiscuous Objects still infest the Sight,
And with fantastic Forms provoke my Spight;
In Sex they differ; but in Folly joyn;
What Airs they practise! How they strive to shine
But gentle Muse, forbear to waste Remarks
On fancy'd Beauties, and imagin'd Sparks;
Disdain, tho' urg'd, to kindle into Rage,
Let softer Themes thy courtly Strains engage;
Once more thy Numbers consecrate to Praise,
Nor stain thy Stile with such invidious Lays.

Amidst the strange Confusion, pleas'd, I find
Some lovely Wonders of the Female Kind,

who

The Tunbridge-Miscellany. I I

Whose Presence with the sweetest Rapture warms,
Few are the Charmers, but not few their Charms.

CHURCHILL's Immortal Race I need but name,
Their Num'rous Glories are so known to Fame.

WINDHAM with scarce Inferior Lustre's seen,
O the Becoming Blush! the Matchless Mein!

A Thousand Graces she displays at Will,
And ev'ry Grace by fatal Proof can kill,

The sportive Loves in SEYMOUR's Aspect sit,
We gaze with Pleasure, and with Joy submit;
Easie and free, the God his Pomp maintains,
In Smiles He revels, and by Smiles He reigns.

* ALMERIA's fullen Splendor seems to prove
That ey'n her Frowns support the Throne of Love;
With what severe Delight Her Look gives Law!
O Beautiful Reserve! O Graceful Awe!

* Mrs. Aylmer.

12 *The Tunbridge Miscellany.*

There's Softness in the Terror which she breeds,
No Harmony, beside Her own, exceeds.

Sweetness of Temper, Elegance of Face
Young CARTRET's finish'd Composition grace;
Did Nymphs, like Her, adorn the Nuptial Life,
And with that faultless Carriage act the Wife,
Then Scoffers would their Darling Scandal miss,
And Marriage were indeed a State of Bliss.

Not the gay Spring can Sweets, like MILLS,
disclose,
She foils the Lilly, and she shames the Rose;
Not the fair Morn unvails such pleasing Light,
Her Form's more tempting, and her Eyes more bright,
Not all the Pow'r of Language can proclaim
Th' excelling Beauty center'd in her Frame.

With what Enliv'ning Air † MELINDA moves!
Who sees Her, wonders; and who wonders, Loves;

† Mrs. Malyn.

In all her Gesture sprightly Grace appears,
And ev'ry Moment some fresh Charm endears.

BOWLES at first view so Arbitrary reigns,
She looks, as if she'd force Mankind to Chains;
How soon agreeably deceiv'd we prove!
Those Chains are not th' Effect of Fear, but Love;
Spight of the fam'd Dispute, in Her we find
Soft VENUS with Majestick JUNO join'd.

Here take Occasion, grateful Muse, to praise
FLAVIA, th' Inspirer of Thy earli'st Lays;
Does not this Mass of Excellence contain
Whatever in the Sex we find or feign?
Censure descries no Stain in all her Life;
So pure the Virgin, nor less pure the Wife.

In * TERAMINTA many a Charm I own,
And many more are hast'ning to be shown;

* *Mrs. Brooks,*

From

14 *The Tunbridge-Miscellany.*

From this auspicious Morn, so Sweet, so Gay,
Well may we hope an answerable Day.

In STYLE what diff'ring Attributes agree?

Sublime, yet courteous, Innocent, yet free;
Much Beauty, sweet unpractis'd Nymph, you share,
But Beauty's Graces are the least you wear;
Such Wit, such Humour would in others be
A Miracle to meet, yet meet in Thee;
Should some bright Goddess visit Earth again,
She'd chuse Thy Form, and imitate Thy Strain.

Thee, DALYSON, what double Pow'r attends!
Thy Voice, if possible, thy Face transcends;
Fatally sweet, like *Syrens*, you appear,
We see with Danger, but we die to hear.

DASHWOOD implies Perfection in her Name,
Look if you doubt, and then dispute the Claim.

Thee, lovely FRENCH, had *Ida's* Shepherd seen,
Thy Rosy Bloom had balk'd the *Paphian* Queen.

WROTH'S

The Tunbridge-Miscellany. 15

WROTH's moving Softness entertains the View,
Makes the Rough mild, and the Unconstant true.

How all admire, when RICHARDSON replies!
What Competition 'twixt Her Wit and Eyes!

Who can resist attractive LEVETT's Air?
That easy Motion! That Contempt of Care!

Heav'ns! How * FLORELIA charms! Surpassing Maid!

What vast Delights our ravish'd Sense invade!

Nature! would'st thou that I attempt Her Praise?

Lessen Her Beauties, or improve my Lays.

O Happy Mortal, whosoe'er you prove,

That shall one Day enjoy Her Virgin Love!

Justly may you apply that glorious Sound,

Take all the Shining Rest the Sun goes round.

Small was the Number I design'd to sing,

Yet my tir'd Muse already drops the Wing;

* Mrs. Cressener.

16 *The Tunbridge Miscellany.*

The Bird, that soars aloft, soon spends his Strength,
But in the Mid-way flies a mod'rate Length.

Ye Charmers injur'd by my worthless Songs,
And ye remaining few whom Silence wrongs,
Forbear the Censure which may justly fall
For praising ill, or praising not at all.

Like thine, Great WALLER, could my Genius fly,
Then *Tunbridge* might with neighb'ring *Penshurst*
vie;

O! Had this Breast a Portion of Thy Flame,
Ev'n SACHARISSA should be match'd in Fame.
As well, fair Conqu'rors, you deserve to reign,
Not less your Merit, but far less my Strain.
So the bright Sun shines equally on all,
Alike His Universal Favours fall;
The fruitful Vale is ready in Returns,
The barren Plain unprofitably Burns.



BELLAMIRA.

LET others in deserv'd Oblivion pass,
Who meanly Blush, and want thy
Splendid Brass,
Thou shalt not in Ignoble Silence lie,
While Lust's in vogue, thy Name can never die;
What Piles might from thy wond'rous Annals rise,
And match for Bulk thy own Enormous Size!
Truth in thy Character would Fiction shame,
Thy Glory's lessen'd, not improv'd, by Fame;
Thou'rt known to distance all her Strength and Speed,
And leave her far behind with ev'ry Deed.
Great DOMINIC * must doubly vail to you,
Outdone in Garbage, and in Genius too;

* *The Spanish Fryer.*

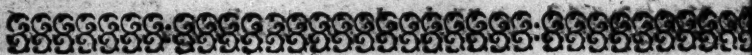
18 *The Tunbridge-Miscellany.*

A thousand ways with fruitless Toil he strove
T' oblige one Nymph with sweet forbidden Love;
What Numbers thy capacious Soul can bless!
Nymphs of each State thy Happy Skill confess.
Husbands with handfom Spouses curse thy Aid,
Priests scarce forbear; you spoil the Marriage-Trade
All others thank thy Hospitable Hand,
Which still provides the Banquet at Demand,
Where Beauty comes, subservient to thy Call,
And Sweets of Love are had without the Gall:
Chains are eluded by thy potent Art,
They meet with Freedom, and with Freedom part
For this the Labours of the Park you bear,
And no Inclemencies of Weather fear;
For this you so frequent these Famous Wells,
And watch the Summer Residence of Belles;
For this in Winter you your Arts prepare,
And ev'n in Absence, make Mankind your Care;

The Tunbridge-Miscellany. 19

So while unseen, the Sun consults our Good,
And ripens precious Things for Mortal Food.
ve; You're lab'ring for the Public Service still,
How brisk! How vigilant in Glorious Ill!
Like Envy's self, no Holy-days you keep,
And seem an everlasting Foe to sleep;
rade O the dear Difference 'twixt Her End and Thine!
The toils to *separate*, but Thou to *joyn*.
Hail Grand Preservative from Am'rous Care!
Aided by Thee, we mock the scornful Fair;
: Thy Antidotes soon banish from our Hearts
The strongest Poyson of their boasted Darts,
par Nature's pursu'd, and Pleasure uncontroll'd,
As if thy Pow'r restor'd an Age of Gold.
Ah! would this Age return, that grateful We
Might crowd thy Shrine with Offerings worthy Thee!
Tho' baser Metal now Acceptance gains,
Yet sure the noblest Ill rewards thy Pains.

Agent of Free-born Love! Industrious Dante!
 Long live and flourish, and be still the same;
 Thou, Monumental Vice, art sure to please,
 Till rigid Virtue reigns; and gen'rous Lovers cease



The *Swingers* Describ'd:

In the following LETTERS to the

SPECTATOR

INCE You, Great CENSOR, bear Britannia



Weight,

Sole, unsupported, since thy daily Care
 Brightens with Merals her Decaying Age,
 The suffering Public justly might complain,
 Shou'd we too long detain her CENSOR's Ear.

Dear





The Surprise

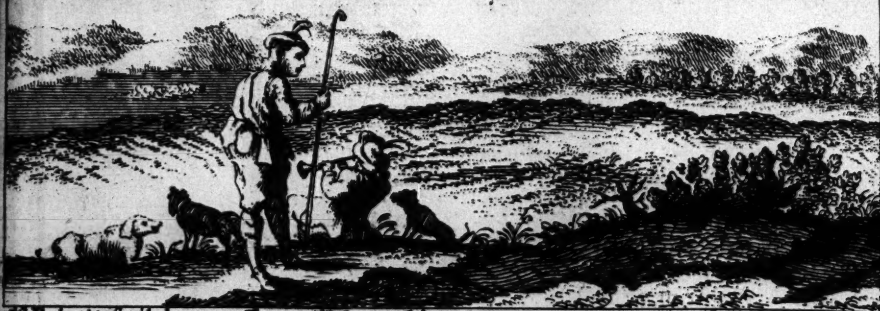
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us fair se-re-na panting lay n^o thought of lo---ve oppress'd hoping & slumb'ring
 at lay the fe-ver in ----- her Breast her sleeping sence at last was caught
 her soon made known & transports she enjoy'd in thought she W^{as} ----- King dwelt not on

Smiling she lay with longing Arms The Maid asham'd to be thus Caught
 Grasping the fleeting Air, Light blush'd and strove to rise
 telling with thousand am'rous Charms Accusing that her Swain was naught
 Fancy could e'er declare: Her Vertue to Surprise;
 Her swain surpriz'd to hear her tongue, She vow'd by all the Gods above,
 And all her Love repeat, Her scorn she would not hide,
 But melting with rapturous Love
 Her wishes to Complement The Nymph forgot to Chide.

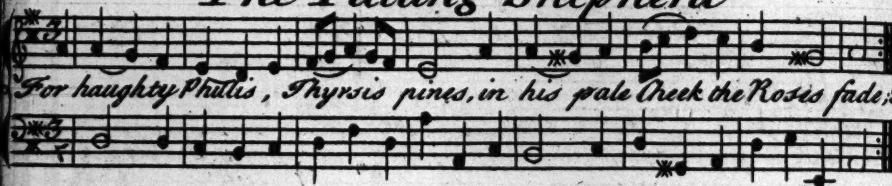
Flute

Musical notation for the Flute part, consisting of two staves of music.



St. Roberts fecit.

The Tatling Shepherd



For haughty Phillis, Thyrsis pines, in his pale Creek the Roses fade;



gayly - Cheerful sports enjoys, & seeks the sweetly-soothing Shade.

2	4
<i>Now by the Stream supine he lies, Or o'er the Mead does frantic stray, Or to the Rocky Mountain hies, As dove directs the various way,</i>	<i>At length the Nymph for Thyrsis bleeds And cools his swift consuming fire Pleas'd Thyrsis smiles sad Phillis moans And rising blushes speak her shame</i>
3	5
<i>To Groves to Streams to Wilds alone The fire that thrills his veins reveals Nor to the Rock pours forth his moan Since babbling Echo ne'er conceals</i>	<i>To mute abodes the perjur'd Youth No more repeats a Passion feign'd The Village rings with the sad Truth For Thyrsis boasts a Conquest gain'd</i>

6

*If only to the field or Stream,
When the kind Maid his Passion eas'd,
Had Thyrsis told the Golden Dream,
Then Phillis had not been displeas'd.*

Flute



Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

Tunbridge, Sept. 18.

1712.

I Am a young Woman of Eighteen Years of Age, and, I do assure you, a Maid of unspotted Reputation, founded upon a very careful Carriage in all my Looks, Words, and Actions. At the same Time I must own to you, that it is with much Constraint to Flesh and Blood, that my Behaviour is so strictly irréproachable; for I am naturally addicted to Mirth, to Gayety, to a free Air, to Motion, and Gadding. Now what gives me a great deal of Anxiety, and is some Discouragement in the Pursuit of Virtue, is, that the young Women who run into greater Freedoms with the Men are more taken Notice of than I am. The Men are such unthinking Sots, that they do not prefer her who restrains all her Passions and Affections, and keeps much within the Bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to the utmost Verge of Innocence, and parlies at the very Brink of Vice, whether she shall be a Wife or a Mistress. But I must appeal to your Spectatorial Wisdom, who, I find, have passed very much of your Time in the Study of Woman, whether this is not a most unreasonable Proceeding. I have read somewhere, that *Hobbes* of *Malmesbury* asserts, That continent Persons have more of what they contain, than those who give a Loose to their Desires. According to this Rule, let their be equal Age, equal Wit, and equal good Humour, in the Woman of Prudence, and her of Liberty: What Stores has he to expect who takes the former? What Refuse must he be contented with who chuses the latter? Well, but I sate down to write to you to vent my Indignation against several pert Creatures who are address'd to and courted in this Place, while poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

Every one of these affect gaining the Hearts of your Sex: This is generally attempted by a particular Manner of carrying

rying themselves with Familiarity. *Glycera* has a dancing Walk, and keeps Time in her ordinary Gate. *Chloe*, her Sister, who is unwilling to interrupt her Conquests, comes into the Room before her with a familiar Run. *Dulcissa* takes Advantage of the Approach of the Winter, and has introduc'd a very pretty Shiver, closing up her Shoulders, and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this Mode carry their Fans between both Hands before them. *Dulcissa* herself, who is Author of this Air, adds the pretty Run to it; and has also, when she is in very good Humour, a taking Familiarity in throwing her self into the lowest Seat in the Room, and letting her hoop'd Petticoats fall with a lucky Decency about her. I know she practices this Way of sitting down in her Chamber; and indeed she does it as well as you may have seen an Actress fall down dead in a Tragedy: Not the least Indecency in her Posture. If you have observ'd what pretty Carcases are carried off at the End of a Verse at the Theatre, it will give you a Notion how *Dulcissa* plumps into her Chair. Here's a little Country Girl, that's very cunning, that makes her Use of being young and unbred, and outdoes the Infarers, who are almost twice her Age. The Air that she takes is to come into Company after a Walk, and is very successfully out of Breath upon Occasion. Her Mother is in the Secret, and calls her Romp, and then looks round to see what young Men stare at her.

It would take up more than can come into one of your Papers, to enumerate all the particular Airs of the younger Company in this Place. But I cannot omit *Dulceorella*, whose Manner is the most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of Conquest as the busiest Virgin among us. She has a peculiar Art of staring at a young Fellow, till she sees she has got him, and inflamed him by so much Observation. When she sees she has him, and he begins to toss his Head upon it, she is immediately short-sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a Distance, with her Eyes half shut. Thus the Captive that thought her first struck,

is

The Tunbridge-Miscellany. 23

is to make very near Approaches, or be wholly disregarded. This Artifice has done more Execution than all the Ogling of the rest of the Women here, with the utmost Variety of half Glances, attentive Heedlessneses, childish Inadvertencies, haughty Contempts, or artificial Oversights. After I have said thus much of Ladies among us who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you of a Set of familiar Romps, who have broken through all common Rules, and have thought of a very effectual Way of shewing more Charms than all of us. These, Mr. SPECTATOR, are the Swingers. You are to know, these careless pretty Creatures are very Innocents again; and it is to be no Matter what they do, for 'tis all harmless Freedom. They get on Ropes, as you must have seen the Children, and are swung by their Men-Visitants. The Jest is, that Mr. Such-a-one can name the Colour of Mrs. Such-a-one's Stockings; and she tells him, he is a lying Thief, so he is, and full of Roguery; and she'll lay a Wager, and her Sister shall tell the Truth if he says right, and he can't tell what Colour her Garters are of. In this Diversion there are very many pretty Shreaks, not so much for fear of falling, as that their Petticoats should unty: For there is great Care had to avoid Improprieties; and the Lover who swings the Lady is to tie her Cloaths very close with his Hatband before she admits him to throw up her Heels.

Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, except you can note these Wantonneesses in their Beginnings, and bring us sober Girls into Observation, there is no Help for it, we must swim with the Tide, the Coquets are too powerful a Party for us. To look into the Merit of a regular and well-behaved Woman is a slow thing. A loose trivial Song gains the Affections, when a wise Homily is not attended to. There is no other way but to make War upon them, or we must go over to them. As for my Part, I will shew all the World, it is not for want of Charms that I stand so long unask'd; and if you do not take Measures for the immediate

24 *The Tunbridge-Miscellany.*

diate Redress of us Rigids, as the Fellows call us, I can move with a speaking Mein, can look significantly, can lisp, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be frighted, as agreeably as any She in *England*. All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial Consideration with all Humility, by

Your most humble Servant,

Matilda Mohair.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

London, Sept. 26. 1712.

I Am just come from *Tunbridge*, and have since my Return read Mrs. *Matilda Mohair's* Letter to you: She pretends to make a mighty Story about the Diversion of Swinging in that Place. What was done was only among Relations; and no Man swung any Woman who was not second Cousin at farthest. She is pleas'd to say, Care was taken that the Gallants tied the Ladies Legs before they were waisted into the Air. Since she is so spiteful I'll tell you the plain Truth: There was no such Nicety observ'd, since we were all, as I just now told you, near Relations; but Mrs. *Mohair* herself has been swung there, and she invents all this Malice, because it was observ'd she has crooked Legs, of which I was an Eye-Witness.

Your humble Servant,

Rachel Shooestring.

Mr.

The Tunbridge-Miscellany. 25

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Tunbridge, Sept. 26. 1712.

WE have just now read your Paper containing Mrs. *Mohair's* Letter. It is an invention of her own from one End to the other; and I desire you would print the enclosed Letter by it self, and shorten it so as to come within the Compass of your Half-Sheet. She is the most malicious Minx in the World, for all she looks so innocent. Don't leave out that Part about her being in Love with her Father's Butler, which makes her shun Men; for that is the truest of it all.

Your humble Servant,

Sarah Trice.

P. S. She has crooked Legs.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Tunbridge, Sept. 26. 1712.

ALL that Mrs. *Mohair* is so vex'd at against the good Company of this Place is, that we all know she has crooked Legs. This is certainly true. I don't care for putting my Name, because one would not be in the Power of the Creature.

Your humble Servant unknown.

Mr SPECTATOR,

Tunbridge, Sept. 26. 1712.

THAT insufferable Prude Mrs. *Mohair*, who has told such Stories of the Company here, is with Child, for all her nice Airs and her crooked Legs. Pray be sure to put her in for both those two Things, and you'll oblige every body here, especially

Your humble Servant,

D

Alice Bluegarter.



Upon Sight of

CHLORIS Swinging.



Pretty New Diversion this!

An upstart Kind of Fairy Bliss!

A Banquet merely for the View!

Platonick Lovers! 'Tis for you;

Dangle this sort of Fare may like,

But 'twill not *Tattle's* Fancy strike.

Here the fond *Thyrsis* feeds his Eyes,

And almost Sees for what he Sighs;

CHLORIS who seem'd averse to move,

And look'd Insensible of Love,

Grows brisk, and pliant with a Rope,

And gives at least Pretence for Hope.

Behold

The Tunbridge-Miscellany. 27

Behold Her lovely Tossing Airs!

With what Delight, yet Fear, he stares!

His Joy, like WALLER's, in Design

Is now supported by a Line;

No Line he holds at dearer Rate,

Save that, on which depends Her Fate.

Ye pitying Pow'rs! Attend His Pray'r;

And make Her All your present Care;

If Cord and Tree but chance to part,

She breaks her Neck, and He his Heart;

The Plains a Double Loss sustain,

A charming Nymph, A constant Swain.

An EPIGRAM on the SPECTATOR.

WHEN first the TATLER to a *Mute* was
turn'd,
Great Britain for her *Censor's* Silence
mourn'd;

Robb'd of his sprightly Beams, she wept the Night
'Till the SPECTATOR rose, and blaz'd as Bright.

So the first Man, the SUN's first Setting view'd,
And sigh'd, till circling Day his Joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that Second SUN to name,
Whether a Bright Successor, or the Same.

So we—but Now from this Suspence are freed,
Since all must own, who Both with Judgment read,
'Tis the Same SUN, and does *Himself* succeed.

T H E



P. Boitard Inv. et Sculp.



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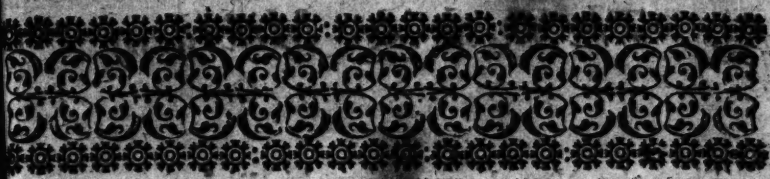
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The FAVOURITE. A Simile.

HEN Boys at *Eton* once a Year
In Military Pomp appear,
He, who just trembled at the Rod,
Treads it a *Heroe*, talks a *God*,

And in an instant can create

A *Dozen Officers of State*;

His little Legion All assail,

Arrest without Release, or Bail;

Each passing Traveller must halt,

Must pay the *Tax*, and eat the *Salt*.

You don't love *Salt*, you say——and storm——

Look o' these *Staves*, Sir——and Conform;

But yet this *Sun*, that shines so bright,

Sable Gown will set at Night,

And Morn return with *College Appetite*,

Thus



20 *The Tunbridge Miscellany*

Thus the *New Favourite* in his Plumes,
New Manners and *New Arts* assumes;

He who before was at your Whistle,

Begins to bully, frown, and bristle;

And to his Band of hireling *Tartars*

Gives *Pensions*, *Places*, *Titles*, *Garters*;

His Schemes, his Projects, all must be

A Law to *BOB*, his *Grave*, and *More*

His Friends stand close, and aid his *Power*;

What, don't you like him?—to the *Towery*

You swear 'tis strange—but let this *Fume*

In busy Play it self consume;

See him chagrin at last retire

To a *Welch Farm*, and *Country Fire*;

With this to comfort fallen *State*;

The Time has been when He was *Great*

The Despairing Lover, as it was originally set.

Viol: Unis

affettuoso 10 MA 66

30

Andante

A Swain of Love despairing thus wail'd his cruel

Fate his grief the shepherds sharing in cir- des round him fate the Nymphs in kind con

passion, the luckless Lover mourn'd, all who had heard of Passion a sigh for sigh to =

for

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for

turn'd. Viol: 2 do.

2
O Friends your plaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear;
Should Cloe but discover,
For me you'd shed a tear,
Her Eyes shed arm with vengeance,
Your friendship soon subdue;
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
And for her mercy sue.

3
Her chains such force discover,
Resistance is in vain;
Spight of yourself you'd love her,
And hug the galling chain
Her wit the flame increases,
And rivets fast the Dart,
She has ten thousand Graces,
And each could gain a Heart

4
But oh! on more deserving,
Has than'd her frozen Breast
Her heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the rest:
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought distracts my brain;
O cruel Malde then founding,
He fell upon the Plain.

Flute.

